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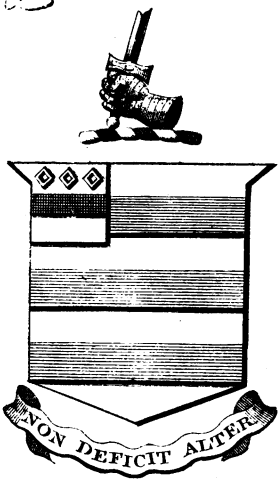

Stainforth

the Rev Augustus Fitz Roy
with Mrs Fuller Maitland's
affectionate regards. ——

Park Place
Jan[y] 23, 1840. ——

NB. Mrs Fanny. S. Fuller Maitland
is now the wife of Mr Ridley
H. Herschell a Dissenting
Minister of Trinity Chapel,
John St, Edgware Road,

693 h 14

The foregoing note is incorrect. This collection of Hymns was compiled by Mrs Fuller-Maitland of Park Place, Henley-on-Thames. It was her eldest daughter, Esther, who afterwards became Mrs Herschell. Her fourth daughter Frances-Sara married John, 2nd son of Sir James Colquhoun, Bart., and died in 1877.
Hymn No 2, and the Appendix hymns Nos 1 and 2 are however correctly marked.

HYMNS

LONDON:
J. HATCHARD AND SON, 187, PICCADILLY.

1827.

HYMNS

FOR

PRIVATE DEVOTION;

SELECTED

AND

ORIGINAL.

LONDON:
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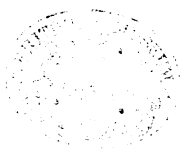

LONDON:
IBOTSON AND PALMER, PRINTERS, SAVOY STREET, STRAND.

PREFACE.

THIS selection of Hymns would not have been added to those already published, had not the Original Compositions, kindly contributed by several friends of the Editor, been thought too valuable to be restricted to a private circle. In some of the Hymns, already well known, a few slight alterations have been ventured upon, which, it is hoped, will be deemed improvements; in most cases, they have been made with the advice and assistance of the same friends whose poetry has so greatly enriched the volume.

July, 1827.

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

In trouble and in grief, O God,
Thy smile hath cheered my way;
And joy hath budded from each thorn
That round my footsteps lay.

The hours of pain have yielded good,
Which prosperous days refused;
As herbs, though scentless when entire,
Spread fragrance when they're bruised.

The oak strikes deeper, as its boughs
By furious blasts are driven;
So life's vicissitudes the more
Have fixed my heart in heaven.

All-gracious Lord! whate'er my lot
In other times may be,
I'll welcome still the heaviest grief
That brings me near to thee!

Anonymous.

HYMN II.

Launched upon the stormy ocean,
Man's frail bark he cannot guide;
How unstable is its motion,
Tossing on the changeful tide!

Towards the distant port he glances,
Hoping still that port to gain,
But no further he advances,
For his hope is false and vain.

If he strike on shoals of error,
Plunge in quicksands of despair,
Or that fatal whirlpool—pleasure,
He is lost for ever there.

Now the Christian's bark behold
Lonely on life's troubled sea;
He shall reach with joy untold
The haven where he fain would be.

'Tis the Lord as pilot guiding,
He can well the vessel moor;
And the Christian thus confiding,
Finds in hope an anchor sure.

Ne'er that anchor shall deceive him;
Grounded on redeeming love,
Till his Saviour shall receive him,
To the port of rest above!

~~Anonymous~~.
Fanny Fuller Maitland.

HYMN III.

Thy gracious presence, O my God,
My every wish contains;
With this, beneath affliction's load,
My heart no more complains.

This can my anxious cares control,
Gild each dark scene with light;
This is the sunshine of the soul,
Without it, all is night.

O happy scenes of pure delight!
Where thy full beams impart
Unclouded beauty to the sight,
And rapture to the heart.

Her part in those fair realms of bliss
My spirit longs to know;
My wishes terminate in this,
Nor can they rest below.

Lord, shall the breathings of my heart
Aspire in vain to thee?
Confirm my hope, that where thou art
I shall for ever be.

Then shall my cheerful spirit sing
The darksome hours away;
And rise on faith's expanded wing
To everlasting day.

Anonymous.

HYMN IV.

No more with trembling heart I try
A multitude of things;
Still wishing to find out that point
From whence salvation springs.
My anchor's cast, cast on a rock
Where I shall ever rest
From all the labour of my thoughts,
And tumults of my breast.

What is my anchor? If you ask—
A hungry, helpless mind,
Diving with misery for its weight,
Till firmest grace it find.
What is my rock? 'Tis Jesus Christ,
Whom faithless eyes pass o'er;
Yet there, all sinners anchor may,
And ne'er be shaken more!

~~Anonymous.~~
John Gambold.

HYMN V.

For what shall I praise thee, my God and my King—
For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, and for ease,
For the spring of delight, and the sunshine of peace?

Shall I praise thee for pleasures that gladdened my breast—
Joys viewed in the distance, and treasures possessed?
For the spirits that heightened my days of delight,
And the slumbers that sat on my pillow by night?

For this I should praise; but if only for this,
I should leave half-untold the donation of bliss;

I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow, for care;
For the thorns I have gathered, the anguish I bear.

The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is flown;
They yielded no fruits, they are withered and gone.
The thorn it was poignant, but precious to me,
'Twas the message of mercy—it led me to thee.

Anonymous.

HYMN VI.

THERE is a sacred, hallowed spot,
Oft present to my eye;
By saints it ne'er can be forgot,
'Tis much-loved Calvary.

Eventful mount! Oh, what a scene
Of love and agony
Was there displayed, when Christ was seen
Suffering on Calvary.

'Twas there, he vanquished hell and death;
And with a conqu'ror's cry,
(" 'Tis finish'd,") he resigned his breath
On much-lov'd Calvary.

Endeared mount! for earthly joys
Let others pass thee by;
Earth's transient scenes and fading toys
I'll leave for Calvary.

When fainting under guilt's dread load,
Then to the cross I'll fly;
And trust the merit of that blood
Which flows from Calvary.

And when around the feast of love,
Then will I fix mine eye
On him who intercedes above,
Who bled on Calvary.

When the dread scene of death, the last
Important hour draws nigh;
Then with my dying eyes I'll cast
A look on Calvary.

Anonymous.

HYMN VII.

Oh, would that my soul had the wings of a dove,
And could fly to the uppermost heaven above!
She has heard, 'tis a region of love and of light,
And thither would speed, Oh, how swiftly her flight!

Ye angels, who people that balmy abode,
Come down for a moment—be guides of the road!
Through the grave and the portals of death it may lie,
But I dread not to go if it lead to the sky.

I seek after peace, but I find it not here,
Midst the pantings of hope, and the tremblings of fear;
I thirst, but, ah! where are the waters below,
Unpoisoned by sin, unembittered by woe?

A ray from on high has been sent to my soul,
And the shadows of earth seem more darkly to roll;
The world all in ruins around me I see,
And here is no home, and no city for me.

For patience I pray, yet I sigh for release;
Oh, take me, Redeemer! for thou art my Peace!
The waters I long for are flowing above,
And the ray that was sent is the pledge of thy love!

C. S. B.
Charles Smith Bird.

HYMN VIII.

Soldiers, sworn to fight, are we,
Yet we own no earthly vow;
Who the secret mark may see
That we bear upon our brow?*

* Rev. xiv. 1.

Outward armour we have none;
What could steel to us avail?
Never hath the sunbeam shone
On our hidden coat of mail.

'Tis not to the trumpet's sound
That we move in mustered host;
Silence holds its reign around,
When the battle rages most.

Worse than mortal foes are our's,
Foes whose numbers are unknown;
Principalities and powers,
Of a nature not our own.

Wearied, we may seek repose,
But they slumber not nor sleep;
From the onset to the close
An unfailing watch they keep.

On the plain of human strife
If the wounded warrior lie,
Anguish ends, at least with life,
'Tis his privilege to die!

But should we the contest yield,
Refuge vainly we may crave;
Dark may be the battle field,
But still darker is the grave!

On our arms should victory shine—
All the praise and glory due,
To a Leader we resign,
Whom no living eye may view.

Mighty Leader! from above
Thy confiding soldiers see;
Cheer us with one smile of love,
We shall "more than conquerors" be!

C. S. B.
Charles Smith Bird

HYMN IX.

Travellers through a barren waste,
Christians, homeward let us haste!
All is mean and fleeting here,
Nothing worth a hope or fear.

Wisdom sets before our eyes,
Only one unfading prize;
Brightly are its glories seen,
But a valley lies between.

Would we needful terror know?
There is one undying woe,
Black indeed, and deep its gloom,
But it frowns beyond the tomb.

Christians! then awake—arise—
Throne your wishes in the skies;
Tremble only lest your road
Lead you to the dark abode.

Prisoners once of earth's deceit,
Pleasure tread beneath your feet;
Sloth, and her enchantments chase
This is not your resting-place.

Come, anticipate the day
When this scene shall pass away;
When, your spirits on the wing,
Fancy hears them, parting, sing—

'World, where we must cease to dwell,
'Land of shadows, fare thee well!
'Life henceforth no more shall seem
'Than an infant's troubled dream.

'Welcome, welcome, land of light,
'Welcome, day that knows no night;
'Welcome, living streams of joy
'That can neither fail nor cloy!

'Happy is the humblest place
'Where we see our Father's face;
'Come, Lord Jesus! quickly come,
'Bear us weary travellers home!'

C. S. B.
Charles Smith Bird

HYMN X.

My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possessed by me
They were entirely thine.

Nor would I speak a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

What is the world, with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;
When I attempt to pluck a rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.

Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found;
The honey's mix'd with gall:
Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,
Be, Lord, my All in All!

Beddome.

HYMN XI.

Oh, God! my heart within me faints,
And pours in sighs her deep complaints;
Yet many a thought shall linger still
By Carmel's height and Tabor's rill,
The Olive mount my Saviour trod,
The rocks that saw and owned their God.

The morning beam that wakes the skies,
Shall see my matin incense rise;
The evening seraphs, as they rove
Shall catch the notes of joy and love;
And sullen Night, with drowsy ear
The still-repeated anthem hear.

My soul shall cry to thee, O Lord,
To thee, supreme incarnate Word;
My rock and fortress, shield and friend,
Creator, Saviour, source and end.
And thou wilt hear thy servant's prayer,
Though death and darkness speak despair.

Ah! why, by passing clouds oppressed,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast?
Turn, turn to him, in every pain,
Whom never suppliant sought in vain;
Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope, when joy has passed away.

Bowdler.

HYMN XII.

Before thy cross, my Saviour! I would stand,
And gaze in sad astonishment and love;
No other woes, like thine, my tears demand!
But, ah, this soul! how little do they move!

Yet would I gaze, and gaze till this hard heart
In thankful adoration, prostrate lies;
And body, soul and spirit, take their part
In celebrating Jesu's sacrifice.

"How marred his visage!" more than any face
Of any sufferer in this world of woe;
Not all the sorrows of the human race
Combined, can equal those thy soul did know.

The pierced sinews of thine outstretched hands,
Scarce can support e'en such a wasted frame;
Swollen with torture, every muscle stands,
And bursting veins thy agony proclaim!

By Pagans wreathed, the cruel thorny crown
Draws from thy sacred head a copious flood;
From all thy pores the mingling stream flows down,
And stains thy naked body with thy blood.

Betrayed, deserted, cruelly denied,
Thy broken spirit sinks beneath the rod;
E'en mocking thieves, though hanging at thy side,
Forget their sufferings, to revile their God!

Thirst adds its torments; jeers and scorn their sting:
Devils and death malicious powers blend,
And Jews and Gentiles mocking, style thee king,
And bid thee from the cursed tree descend.

Thy God forsakes thee! heaven smiles no more;
Thy Father's countenance has ceased to shine;
No bitter cup that e'er was mix'd before,
Contained such dregs, thou spotless Lamb! as thine.

Spotless!—Ah, there's to me both *grief* and *joy;*
To me, alas! *deserving* all thy pain;
Grief, that my sin should thus thy life destroy,
Joy, that thou gav'st a soul without a stain.

Thus, therefore, while I stand and gaze, I feel
Abounding cause for gratitude and love!
Oh! let thy Holy Spirit only seal
To me a sense of pardon from above.

Then, every meditation on thy cross,
Will wake indeed, the praises of my tongue;
For thee, I'll count the dearest objects loss,
For thee—in all thy precepts strive to run.

Thus would I show (by aid, Lord! from on high,)
How great my sense of this thy matchless grace;
Thus, only trusting in thy merits, die—
And rise to see thee, Saviour! face to face.

Oh! with triumphant myriads may I tell,
And tell in numbers suited to the theme—
Jesus has freed my soul from death and hell,
By him I rose, I live in heaven by him!

A. G. C.
Allen Gardiner Cornwall.

HYMN XIII.

Dear is the hallowed morn to me,
When village bells awake the day;
And by their sacred minstrelsy,
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord;
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.

In secret I have often prayed,
But still the anxious tears would fall;
But on thy sacred altar laid,
The fire descends, and dries them all.

Oft when the world with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the hallowed morn,
The village bells, the shepherd's voice—
These oft have found my heart forlorn,
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre,
Of broken Sabbaths sing the charms;
Our's be the prophet's car of fire,
That bears us to a Father's arms.

Cunningham.

HYMN XIV.

When in the hours of lonely woe,
I give my sorrows leave to flow,
And anxious fear and dark distrust
Weigh down my spirit to the dust;

When not e'en friendship's gentle aid,
Can heal the wounds the world has made,
O! this shall check each rising sigh,
That Jesus is for ever nigh.

His counsels and upholding care,
My safety and my comfort are;
And he shall guide me all my days,
Till glory crown the work of grace.

Jesus, in whom but thee, above,
Can I repose my trust, my love?
And shall an earthly object be
Loved in comparison with thee?

My flesh is hast'ning to decay;
Soon shall the world have passed away.
And what can mortal friends avail,
When heart, and strength, and being fail?

But oh! be thou my Saviour nigh,
And I will triumph while I die:
My strength, my portion is divine,
And Jesus is for ever mine!

Conder.

HYMN XV.

There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, as vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be,)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

'Tis strung and tuned for endless years,
And formed by power divine;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine.

Cowper.

HYMN XVI.

God of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted, at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse the mourner's plea?
Does not that promise still remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

O! happiness bestowed on me,
To have an advocate with thee:
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

Cowper.

HYMN XVII.

No longer I follow a sound,
No longer a dream I pursue;
Oh, happiness, not to be found!
Unattainable treasure, adieu!

I have sought thee in splendour and dress,
In the regions of pleasure and taste;
I have sought thee, and seem'd to possess,
But have prov'd thee a vision at last.

An humble ambition and hope,
The voice of true wisdom inspires;
'Tis sufficient, if *peace* be the scope,
And the summit of all our desires.

Peace may be the lot of the mind
That seeks it in meekness and love;
But rapture and bliss are confined
To the glorified spirits above.

Cowper.

HYMN XVIII.

To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh, bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.

My Saviour, whom absent I love;
Whom, not having seen, I adore;
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.

Dissolve thou these bonds, that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.

When that happy æra begins,
  When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more by my sins
  The bosom on which I recline.

Oh! then shall the veil be removed,
  And round me thy brightness be poured,
I shall meet him, whom absent, I loved,
  I shall see, whom unseen, I adored.

And then never more shall the fears,
  The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
  Intrude on my blissful repose.

Or, if yet remembered above,
  Remembrance no sadness shall raise;
They will be but new signs of thy love,
  New themes for my wonder and praise.

Thus the stroke which from sin and from pain
  Shall set me eternally free,
Will but strengthen and rivet the chain
  Which binds me, my Saviour, to thee.

Cowper & Rolleston.

HYMN XIX.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sov'reign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are filled with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

Cowper.

HYMN XX.

Holy Lord God! I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment slight,
Yet pierced by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.

But though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience wait;
Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the only thing I hate.

Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell,
One sin unslain within my breast
Would make that heaven as dark as hell.

The prisoner sent to breathe fresh air,
And blessed with liberty again,
Would mourn were he condemned to wear
One link of all his former chain.

But oh! no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's head;
One view of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

Cowper.

HYMN XXI.

Oh! for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill!

Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame,
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Cowper.

HYMN XXII.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure, mine.

Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears,
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

No, rather let me freely yield
What most I prize to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

Thy favour all my journey through
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

Wisdom and mercy guide my way;
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crushed before the moth!

But, ah! my inward spirit cries
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils the skies
Drives all these thoughts away.

Cowper.

HYMN XXIII.

The billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast the wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call,
My fears are great, my strength is small.

O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
And guide and guard me through the storm;
Defend me from each threatening ill,
Control the waves, say—peace, be still.

Amidst the roarings of the sea
My soul still hangs her hope on thee;
Thy constant love, thy faithful care
Is all that saves me from despair.

Dangers of every shape and name
Attend the followers of the Lamb,
Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
And leave it to return no more.

Though tempest-tossed, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek;
Let neither winds, nor stormy main
Force back my shattered bark again.

Cowper.

HYMN XXIV.

The Lord will happiness divine,
On contrite hearts bestow;
Then tell me gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no?

I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.

I sometimes think myself inclined
To love thee, if I could;
But often feel another mind
Averse to all that's good.

My best desires are faint and few;
I fain would strive for more,
But when I cry, 'my strength renew,'
Seem weaker than before.

Thy saints are comforted, I know,
And love thy house of prayer;
I therefore go where others go,
But find no comfort there.

O make this heart rejoice or ache!
Decide this doubt for me;
And if it be not broken, break,
And heal it if it be.

Cowper.

HYMN XXV.

FAR from the world O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee.

There if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
Oh! with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

There, like the nightingale, she pours
Her solitary lays;
Nor asks a witness of her song,
Nor thirsts for human praise

Author and guardian of my life,
Blest source of light divine,
And (all harmonious names in one,)
My Saviour! thou art mine.

What thanks I owe thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

Cowper.

HYMN XXVI.

Look back, my soul, with grateful love,
On what thy God has done;
Praise him for his unnumbered gifts,
And praise him for his Son.

How oft hath his indulgent hand
My flowing eye-lids dried,
And rescued from impending death,
When I in danger cried.

When on the bed of death I lay,
With sickness sore oppressed,
How oft hath he assuaged my griefs,
And lulled my eyes to rest!

Back from destruction's yawning pit
At his command I came;
He fed th' expiring lamp anew,
And raised its feeble flame.

My broken spirit he hath cheered,
When torn with inward grief;
And when temptations pressed me sore,
Hath brought me swift relief.

My soul from everlasting death
Is by his mercy brought,
To tell in Zion's sacred gates
The wonders he hath wrought.

Still will I walk before his face,
While he this life prolongs;
Till grace shall all its work complete,
And teach me heavenly songs.

Doddridge.

HYMN XXVII.

Oh, happy day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

O! happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done; the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

Now rest, my long-divided heart,
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
With ashes who would grieve to part,
When called on angels bread to feast?

High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear;
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Doddridge.

HYMN XXVIII.

WHY will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares?
While in this various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot.

Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind;
While angels with regret look down
To see you spurn a heavenly crown?

Th' eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his bleeding love;
Awakened conscience gives you pain;
And shall they join their pleas in vain?

Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects, which you now pursue;
Not so shall heaven and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.

Almighty God! thy power impart
To fix conviction in the heart;
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise.

Doddridge.

HYMN XXIX.

"Behold I come (the Saviour cries,)
"With winged speed I come;
"My voice shall call your souls away
"To their eternal home.

"Awake, ye sons of sloth, awake;
"Your vain amusements cease,
"And strive with your united pow'rs
"That ye be found in peace.

" Seize the blest hour with ardent haste,
" Nor slight this peaceful word,
" Lest your affrighted souls in vain
" Fly from my flaming sword.

" Happy the man, whose ready heart
" Obeys the sacred call;
" And shelters in my cov'nant grace
" His everlasting all."

Blest Jesus, whose all-searching eye
My inmost pow'rs can see;
Dost thou not know my willing soul
Hath lodged that all with thee?

These eager eyes thy signal wait;
My dear Redeemer, come:
I rove, a weary pilgrim here;
And long to be at home.

Doddridge.

HYMN XXX.

Do not I love thee, O my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each cursed idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

Do not I love thee from my soul?
Then let me nothing love,
Dead be my heart to every joy,
When Jesus cannot move.

Is not thy name melodious still
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
My Saviour's voice to hear?

Hast thou a lamb within thy flock
I would disdain to feed?
Hast thou a foe before whose face
I fear thy cause to plead?

Would not my heart pour forth its blood
In honour of thy name?
And challenge the cold hand of death
To damp th' immortal flame?

Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord;
But O! I long to soar,
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

Doddridge.

HYMN XXXI.

While on the verge of life I stand,
And view the scenes on either hand,
My spirit struggles with its clay,
And longs to wing its flight away.

Where Jesus dwells my soul would be,
It faints my much-loved Lord to see;
Earth, twine no more about my heart,
For 'tis far better to depart.

Come, ye angelic envoys, come,
And lead the willing pilgrim home:
Ye know the way to Jesus' throne,
Source of my joys, and of your own.

That blessed interview, how sweet!
To fall transported at his feet!
Raised in his arms to view his face,
Through the full beamings of his grace.

As with a seraph's voice to sing!
To fly as on a cherub's wing!
Performing with unwearied hands
A present Saviour's high commands!

Yet with these prospects full in sight,
I'll wait thy signal for my flight;
For, while thy service I pursue,
I find my heaven begun below.

Doddridge.

HYMN XXXII.

God of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But O! when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise,
To join the music of the skies!

Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains;
And emulate with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands, and crowns eternity.

Doddridge.

HYMN XXXIII.

Beset with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand:
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving treach'rous heart
To fix on Mary's better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my Jesus still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

Doddridge.

HYMN XXXIV.

FOR NEW YEAR'S DAY.

REMARK, my soul, the narrow bounds
Of the revolving year!
How soon the weeks complete their rounds,
How short the months appear!

So fast eternity comes on,
And that important day,
When all that mortal life has done,
God's judgment shall survey.

Yet like an idle tale we pass,
The swift advancing year,
And study artful ways, to increase
The speed of its career.

Waken, O God, my trifling heart,
Its great concern to see;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

So shall their course more grateful roll,
If future years arise,
Or this shall bear my smiling soul
To joy that never dies.

Doddridge.

HYMN XXXV.

THINE earthly sabbaths Lord we love;
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our panting souls aspire
With ardent hope, and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress;
Nor sin nor death shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose:
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

Oh! long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

Doddridge.

HYMN XXXVI.

Behold, the gloomy vale
Which thou, my soul must tread,
Beset with terrors fierce and pale
That leads thee to the dead.

Ye pleasing scenes, adieu,
Which I so long have known:
My friends, a long farewell to you,
For I must pass alone.

And thou, beloved clay,
Long partner of my cares,
In this rough path art torn away
With agony and tears.

But, lo! a ray of light,
From realms of heavenly day,
Breaks on the dreary shades of night,
To chase my fears away.

Where death and darkness reigns,
Jehovah is my stay;
His rod my trembling feet sustains,
His staff defends my way.

Dear Saviour, lead me home,
Nor let me doubt thy love;
I'll pass the valley's darkest gloom,
To dwell with thee above.

Doddridge.

HYMN XXXVII.

Along my earthly way
How many nets are spread;
Darkness, with scarce one cheerful ray,
Seems gathering o'er my head.

And if the beauteous bow
Of hope sometimes appears,
Like earth, 'tis but the sign of woe,
On showers of falling tears.

I am perverse and blind,
And know not what is right;
But thou, O Lord! art wise and kind,
And armed with matchless might!

Oh! may my heart be bent
In all to meet thy will,
In holy faith and sweet content,
Through seeming good or ill.

Lead me, and then my feet
Shall never, never stray;
But safely I shall reach the seat
Of happiness and day.

And oh! from that bright throne
I shall look down, and see
The path I went, and that alone
Was the right path for me!

Edmeston.

HYMN XXXVIII.

When gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain.
He sees my griefs, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray,
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the thing I would not do;
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Despised by those I prized too well;
He shall his pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe;
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared his daily bread.

When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Yet he, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sick'ning anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Laz'rus dead.

And oh! when I have safely past
Through ev'ry conflict but the last;
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for thou hast died;
Then, point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

Grant.

HYMN XXXIX.

From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains,
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn:
The heathen in their blindness
Bow down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim
Till each remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

Waft, waft ye winds his story
And you ye waters roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

Heber.

HYMN XL.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee;
Though sorrows and darkness encompass thy tomb;
The Saviour has pass'd through its portals before thee,
And the lamp of his love is thy guide through the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave, we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may hope, since the sinless has died.

Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaking,
Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long;
But the sunshine of heaven beam'd bright on thy waking,
And the song which thou heard'st was the seraphim's song.

Thou art gone to the grave, but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,
When God was thy ransom, thy guardian, thy guide;
He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,
Where death hath no sting since the Saviour hath died. *Heber.*

HYMN XLI.

When through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,

Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker, "Save Lord! or we perish."

Oh Jesus! once rocked on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save Lord! or we perish."

And oh! when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When sin in our hearts his wild warfare is waging,
Then send down thy grace, thy redeemed to cherish,
Rebuke the destroyer, "Save Lord! or we perish."

Heber.

HYMN XLII.

When struggling passions rage within
To gain the mastery of the soul,
To drag me headlong into sin,
Despising reason's weak control,
Then bid those struggling passions cease,
Oh! hear my prayer, thou God of peace!

When worldly cares my thoughts perplex,
With sad presage of future woes,
When troubles keen my spirits vex,
The loss of friends, the hate of foes;
Then bid those cares and troubles cease,
Oh! hear my prayer, thou God of peace!

When fears are strong and faith is weak,
When anxious doubts disturb my breast,
And far and near I vainly seek
A short repose, and find *no* rest;
Then bid those fears and doubtings cease,
Oh! hear my prayer, thou God of peace!

And when at length this earthly scene
Shall fade before my glimmering sight,
Should clouds of darkness intervene
To hide thy beams of heavenly light,
Then bid those clouds of darkness cease,
And take me to the realms of peace!

G. Heber.

HYMN XLIII.

When, Lord, my former years
Through all their course I trace,
How large the sum appears
Of mercy and of grace!

But still my languid heart
Beats dull and cold within,
Still hesitates to part
With all the toys of sin.

Still, still it clings around
The idols of my love,
And all its joys are found
Afar from joys above.

Then, teach me, Lord, to feel
How large a debt I owe;
And give me ardent zeal
To serve thee here below.

Oh! let thy spirit warm
This icy breast of mine;
Break, break each earthly charm,
And make me wholly thine.

G. Hulm

HYMN XLIV.

By cares disturbed, oppress'd with grief,
On every side I seek relief,
But still on every side I find
No ease, no solace for my mind.

Not wealth, with all its rich display
Could chase my anxious thoughts away;
Nor soothing pleasure lull to rest
The angry tumults of my breast.

Not rank, with all its pageant show,
Could raise me from my present woe,
Nor learning's richest page impart
Refreshment to my weary heart.

But hark! a gentle voice I hear—
" Rouse, sinner, from thy gloomy fear;
" On God alone cast all thy care,
" And yield not faithless to despair.

" Though threatened now by many a wave,
" His arm is mighty still to save:
" Though many a cloud obscure the sky,
" Before his sun they all shall fly.

On his sure word of truth confide,
And though thy faith, thy hope be tried,
He soon shall bid the tempest cease,
And give thy troubled bosom peace.

G. Hulme.

HYMN XLV.

In deep affliction, Lord, to thee
We lift the voice, we raise the eye,
Before thy throne we bend the knee;
Oh! listen to our suppliant cry.

Our chasten'd brother here behold—
His labouring bosom heaves for breath,
His eyes are dim, his limbs are cold
Beneath the chilling hand of death.

Yet at thy word he shall revive:
His troubled breast shall heave no more,
That to his limbs can vigour give,
And lustre to his eyes restore.

But still, O Lord, our hearts incline
E'en now thy sovereign hand to own;
Our fondest wishes we resign:
Thy will be done, and thine alone.

Yet let thy spirit hover near,
To guard him from the tempter's pow'r,
Let steadfast faith his weakness cheer
And hope illume his dying hour.

Through the dark valley pour thy light,
Sustain him with the arms of love;
And when his soul shall take its flight,
Waft, waft it to the realms above.

G. Hulme.

HYMN XLVI.

When lightnings flash on every side,
And peals on peals of thunder roll,
The sinner seeks in vain to hide
The fears that shake his guilty soul.

But when the storm has past away,
The voice of conscience speaks no more;
And sin resumes its wonted sway,
With firmer vigour than before.

But let him hear the voice of love,
  Of peace and pardoning mercy tell,
Of Christ descending from above,
  To save him from the depths of hell.

The tear of penitence will start,
  And faith light up the downcast eye,
While love will lead his softened heart,
  From each forbidden joy to fly.

G. Hudson

HYMN XLVII.

Of all the starry regions round,
  Who can the limits trace?
Or who can tell how many worlds
  Exist in yonder space?

And yet the God who made them all,
  To me extends his care,
Protects my path, and guards my bed,
  And numbers every hair.

Angelic spirits once presumed
  Against him to rebel,
And were at once for ever doomed
  In fire and chains to dwell.

Yet, rebel as I am, to me
  He grants a free release
From sin, and death, and endless woe,
  And proffers instant peace.

To bleed and suffer on the cross,
  His only Son is given,
That I from sinful earth may rise,
  To sinless joys in Heaven.

Then wake my soul, and bid my breast
  With holier fervor glow,
Or burst the sluggish chain that binds
  My spirit here below.

Soar if thou canst, on wings of faith,
  And join the hosts above,
Who, ceaseless, day and night proclaim
  The wonders of his love.

G. Hulme.

HYMN XLVIII.

THE Christian course when I survey,
Its steep ascent, its rugged way,
Low droops my fainting soul:
How shall I e'er that height attain?
How hope that glorious prize to gain
That glitters at the goal?

Before my path unnumbered foes
With fiendish rage and strength oppose,
My passage to impede;
And various weights my steps detain,
And sin, with its oppressive chain
Forbids me to proceed.

Here pleasure seeks, with artful wile,
My heart, too yielding, to beguile
Her flowery ways along:
And there a gay and thoughtless crowd,
With giddy jest, and laughter loud,
Invite me to the throng.

And many visions meet my eyes,
Which all their secret ill disguise,
To lure me from the way;
They seem to ease me of my load,
And show a broad and level road,
Thus tempting me to stray.

Amidst these dangers, Lord, to thee
For succour and defence I flee;
To thee I raise my eyes,
And thy almighty strength implore,
Who has this journey trod before,
And taught us how to rise.

I then shall pass secure through all
The venomed darts that round me fall,
If thou my soul defend:
The threats of all my foes are vain,
If thou my trembling limbs sustain
And bear me to the end.

I then shall bound aloft, elate,
Released from sin and every weight,
And pleasure's charms disown;

And, from the final conflict past,
The glorious prize shall reach at last,
A never-fading crown.

G. Hub...

HYMN XLIX.

Oh! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn stone away:
And thaw with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

The rocks can rend; the earth can quake,
The seas can roar, the mountains shake;
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing move this heart of mine.

Thy judgments too, unmoved I hear,
(Amazing thought,) which devils fear;
Goodness and wrath in vain combine,
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

But one can yet perform the deed;
That one in all his grace I need.
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And move and melt this heart of mine.

Joseph Hart.

HYMN L.

Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou 'st travelled o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his blest abode,
Thou 'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus,
Upon his father's breast,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou 'rt sure to meet the good
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Earth to earth, and dust to dust,
The solemn priest has said;
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed.

But thy spirit, brother, soars away
  Among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
  And the weary are at rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us,
  Whom thou hast left behind,
May we, untainted by the world,
  As sure a refuge find:
May each, like thee, depart in peace,
  To be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
  And the weary are at rest.

Milman.

HYMN LI.

Oh! Thou, who dryest the mourner's tear,
  How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
  We could not fly to thee!

The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone;
But thou wilt heal that broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished too—
Oh! who would bear life's stormy doom,
Did not thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom,
The peace-branch from above?
Then sorrow, touched by thee, grows bright,
With more than rapture's ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.

Moore.

HYMN LII.

I ASKED the Lord that I might grow
In faith, and love, and every grace;
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

I hoped that in some favoured hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea, more, with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe;
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds, and laid me low.

Lord! why is this?—I trembling cried,
Wilt thou pursue my soul to death?
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith."

"These inward trials I employ,
"From self and pride to set thee free;
"And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
"That thou may'st seek thy all in me."

Newton.

HYMN LIII.

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear name! the rock on which I build,
My shield, and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury filled
With boundless stores of grace.

By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.

Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
My prophet, priest, and king;
My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

Till then, I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

Newton.

HYMN LIV.

'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought—
Do I love the Lord, or no?
Am I his, or am I not?

If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,
Who have never heard thy name.

Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Every trifle give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?

When I turn my eyes within,
All is dark, and vain, and wild;
Filled with unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself a child?

If I pray, or hear, or read,
Sin is mixed with all I do;
You that love the Lord indeed,
Tell me, is it thus with you?

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall:
Should I grieve for what I feel
If I did not love at all?

Could I joy his saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorred,
Find, at times, the promise sweet,
If I did not love the Lord?

Lord, decide the doubtful case!
Thou who art thy people's sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.

Let me love thee more and more,
If I love at all, I may;
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to-day!

Newton.

HYMN LV.

In vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint
When yielding up his breath.

One gentle sigh his fetters breaks
We scarce can say "he's gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
To trace her in her flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.

So much, (and this is all) we know,
They are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us followers be of them
That we may praise him too.

Newton.

HYMN LVI.

When musing sorrow mourns the past,
And weeps the present pain,
How sweet to think of peace at last,
And feel that death is gain!

'Tis not that murmuring thoughts arise,
And dread a Father's will;
'Tis not that meek submission flies
And will not suffer still.

It is, that heaven-taught faith surveys
The path to realms of light,
And longs her eagle plumes to raise
And lose herself in sight.

It is, that *Hope* with ardour glows
To see him face to face,
Whose dying love not language knows
Sufficient skill to trace.

It is, that harassed conscience feels
The pangs of struggling sin;
Sees, though afar, the hand that heals,
And ends her war within!

Oh! let me wing my hallowed flight
From earth-born woe and care,
And soar beyond these clouds of night,
My Saviour's bliss to share!

Noel.

HYMN LVII.

HALLELUJAH! hark on high!
How the countless myriads cry,
Hallelujah!
Like a thousand thunders roaring,
Like a thousand torrents pouring,
Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! melting floats
On the infant's silver notes,
"Here," they lisp, "are we possessing
"Unimagined boundless blessing."
Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! loud and long
Swells the youth's robuster tongue,
Quelled and pardoned every passion,
Deep they roll their adoration.
Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! prudent age,
Adds in accents slow and sage,
"From cares and sorrows disencumbered,
"Here we offer thanks unnumbered."
Hallelujah!

Hallelujah! mild appears
The thin group of bending years,
And with quivering voice uneven,
Chaunt for their long sins forgiven.
Hallelujah!

Thrones and powers of every name,
Cherub beauty, seraph flame,
Join with man, till heaven so stable,
Shakes with one inimitable
Hallelujah!

Pentycross.

HYMN LVIII.

Let not your hearts with anxious thoughts
Be troubled or dismayed;
But trust in Providence divine,
And trust my gracious aid.

I to my Father's house return;
There num'rous mansions stand,
And glory manifold abounds,
Through all the happy land.

I go, your entrance to secure,
And your abode prepare;
Regions unknown are safe to you,
When I, your friend, am there.

Thence shall I come, when ages close,
To take you home with me;
There shall we meet to part no more,
And still together be.

I am the way, the truth, the life;
No son of human race
But such as I protect and guide,
Shall see my Father's face.

Scotch Paraphrase
On John xiv. 1—7.

HYMN LIX.

O Lord! I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee, in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

Why should the soul a drop bemoan,
Who has a fountain near;
A fountain which will ever run
With waters sweet and clear?

No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

Oh! that I had a stronger faith,
To look within the veil;
To credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail!

He that has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

O Lord! I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more!

Ryland.

HYMN LX.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power!

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked come to thee for dress,
Helpless come to thee for grace;
Vile, I to the fountain fly,
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eye-lids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee!

Toplady.

HYMN LXI.

When languor and disease invade
This trembling house of clay,
'Tis sweet to look beyond our cage,
And long to soar away.

Sweet to look upward to the throne
Where Jesus pleads above;
Sweet to look inward, and behold
The tokens of his love.

Sweet to look back, and see my name
In life's fair book set down,
Sweet to look forward, and survey
The future heavenly crown.

Sweet to reflect how grace divine
My sins on Jesus laid;
Sweet to remember that his death
My debt of suffering paid.

Sweet in the confidence of faith
To trust the promises,
Sweet to lie passive in his hand,
And know no will but his.

If such the sweetness of the stream,
What will the fountain be?
For saints and angels draw their bliss
From him immediately!

'Tis sweet to rest in lively hope
That when my change shall come,
Angels will hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.

There shall my disembodied soul,
Behold him and adore,
Be with his likeness satisfied,
And grieve and sin no more.

Toplady.

HYMN LXII.

Let Pharisees of high esteem,
  Their faith and zeal declare,
All their religion is a dream,
  If love be wanting there.

Love suffers long with patient eye,
  Nor is provoked in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
  And long forgets the past.

She lays her own advantage by,
  To seek her neighbour's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
  And bought our lives with blood.

Love is the grace that keeps her power
  In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
  But saints for ever love.

Watts.

HYMN LXIII.

So did the Hebrew prophet raise
The brazen serpent high;
The wounded felt immediate ease,
The camp forbore to die.

Look upward in the dying hour,
And live, the prophet cries;
But Christ performs a nobler cure,
When faith lifts up her eyes.

High on the cross the Saviour hung,
High in the heavens he reigns;
Here sinners by th' old serpent stung,
Look, and forget their pains.

When God's own Son is lifted up,
A dying world revives;
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,
Th' expiring gentile lives.

Watts.

HYMN LXIV.

LORD, I am thine, but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When cruel foes against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

Their hope and portion lies below,
'Tis all the happiness they know;
'Tis all they seek—they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere,
When shall I wake, and find me there?

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near, and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Watts.

HYMN LXV.

My shepherd will supply my need,
Jehovah is his name;
In pastures fresh he makes me feed
Beside the living stream.

He brings my wandering spirit back,
When I forsake his ways;
And leads me for his mercy's sake
In paths of truth and grace.

When I walk through the shades of death,
  Thy presence is my stay:
A word of thy supporting breath
  Drives all my fears away.

Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
  Doth still my table spread:
My cup with blessings overflows,
  Thine oil anoints my head.

The sure provisions of my God
  Attend me all my days;
O may thy house be mine abode,
  And all my work be praise.

There would I find a settled rest,
  (While others go and come,)
No more a stranger or a guest,
  But like a child at home.

Watts.

HYMN LXVI.

Oh! that the Lord would guide my ways,
To keep his statutes still;
Oh! that my God would grant me grace,
To know and do his will.

Oh! send thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off my eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires arise
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

My soul hath gone too far astray,
My feet too often slip;
Yet, since I've not forgot thy way,
Restore thy wandering sheep.

Make me to walk in thy commands,
'Tis a delightful road;
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

Watts.

HYMN LXVII.

Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

My crimes though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pardoning love be found.

Oh! wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace:
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
I must pronounce thee just in death;
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet, save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Watts.

HYMN LXVIII.

Bless'd morning! whose young dawning rays
Beheld our rising God;
That saw him triumph o'er the dust,
And leave his dark abode.

In the cold prison of a tomb,
The dead Redeemer lay,
Till the revolving skies had brought
The third, th' appointed day.

Hell and the grave unite their force,
To hold our God in vain,
The sleeping Conqueror arose,
And burst their feeble chain.

To thy great name, Almighty Lord,
These sacred hours we pay,
And loud hosannas shall proclaim
The triumph of the day.

Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious king,
Let heaven, and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannas ring.

Watts.

HYMN LXIX.

Come hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners, come!
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

Watts.

HYMN LXX.

Come, holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love,
In these cold hearts of ours.

Look, how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great.

Come, holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Watts.

HYMN LXXI.

Come, let us join our cheerful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus:"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive
  Honour and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
  Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,
  And air, and earth, and seas,
Conspire to lift thy glories high,
  And speak thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,
  To bless the sacred name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
  And to adore the Lamb.

Watts.

HYMN LXXII.

Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,
  Stoop down, and take us on thy wings,
And mount and bear us far above
  The reach of these inferior things.

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

Oh! for a sight, a pleasing sight
Of our almighty Father's throne!
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around him stand,
And thrones and powers before him fall;
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

Oh! what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King!

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above;
And stand and bow amongst them there,
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

Watts.

HYMN LXXIII.

HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge, alas! is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear,
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.

Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

Watts.

HYMN LXXIV.

Give me the wings of faith to rise,
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

I ask them, whence their victory came,
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

They marked the footsteps that he trod,
(His zeal inspired their breast,)
And following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Watts.

HYMN LXXV.

DEAREST of all the names above,
My Jesus and my God,
Who can resist thy heavenly love,
Or trifle with thy blood?

'Tis by the merits of thy death
The Father smiles again;
'Tis by thine interceding breath
The Spirit dwells with men.

Till God in human flesh I see,
My thoughts no comfort find;
The holy, just, and sacred Three,
Are terrors to my mind.

But if Immanuel's face appear,
My hope, my joy begins;
His name forbids my slavish fear,
His grace removes my sins.

While Jews on their own law rely,
And Greeks of wisdom boast,
I love th' incarnate mystery,
And there I fix my trust.

Watts.

HYMN LXXVI.

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burden thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

Watts.

HYMN LXXVII.

Blessed Redeemer, how divine,
How righteous is this rule of thine,
"To do to all men just the same
"As we expect or wish from them."

This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

How blest would every nation be,
Thus ruled by love and equity!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a Paradise below.

Jesus, forgive us, that we keep
Thy sacred law of love asleep;
No more let envy, wrath, and pride,
But thy blest maxims be our guide.

Watts.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Thou, whom my soul admires above
All other joy, all earthly love,
Tell me, kind Shepherd, let me know
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

Where is the shadow of that rock,
That from the sun defends thy flock?
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

The footsteps of thy flock I see;
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

His dearest flesh he makes my food,
And bids me drink his richest blood;
Here to these hills my soul would come,
Till my Redeemer lead me home.

Watts.

HYMN LXXIX.

How condescending and how kind
  Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reach'd his heavenly mind,
  And pity brought him down.

When justice, by our sins provoked,
  Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke
  Without a murmuring word.

He sunk beneath our heavy woes,
  To raise us to his throne;
There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows
  But cost his heart a groan.

This was compassion like a God,
  That when the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was his blood,
  His pity ne'er withdrew.

Now, though he reigns exalted high,
His love is still as great:
Well he remembers Calvary,
Nor should his saints forget.

Now, let our hearts begin to melt,
While we his death record,
And, with our joy for pardoned guilt,
Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

Watts.

HYMN LXXX.

How sad our state by nature is,
Our sin, how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds
Fast in his slavish chains.

But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word:
"Ho! ye despairing sinners come,
"And trust upon the Lord."

My soul, obey the Almighty call,
And run to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord,
Oh! help my unbelief.

To the dear fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins to slay;
Drive the usurper from his seat,
And cast his chains away.

A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all!

Watts.

HYMN LXXXI.

How vain are all things here below!
How false, and yet how fair!
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

The brightest things below the sky,
Give but a flattering light;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wavering minds,
And leave but half for God!

The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense!
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

Watts.

HYMN LXXXII.

Go, worship at Immanuel's feet,
See in his face what wonders meet:
Earth is too narrow to express
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

The whole creation can afford
But some faint shadows of my Lord;
Nature, to make his beauties known,
Must mingle colours not her own.

Is he compared to wine or bread?
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed:
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,
Is bread of life, is heavenly wine.

Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields
Such fragrancy in all her fields:
Or if the lily he assume,
The vallies bless the rich perfume.

Is he a vine? His heavenly root
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit;
Oh! may a lasting union join
My soul to Christ, the living Vine!

Is he a fountain? There I bathe,
And heal the plague of sin and death:
These waters all my soul renew,
And cleanse my spotted garments too.

Is he a rock? How firm he proves!
The Rock of Ages never moves;
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the desert through.

Is he a way? He leads to God,
The path is drawn in lines of blood;
There would I walk with hope and zeal,
Till I arrive at Sion's hill.

Is he a star? He breaks the night,
Piercing the shades with dawning light;
I know his glories from afar,
I hail the bright, the Morning Star.

Is he a sun? His beams are grace,
His course is joy and righteousness;
Nations rejoice when he appears
To chase their clouds, and dry their tears.

Oh! let me climb those higher skies,
Where storms and darkness never rise!
There he displays his power abroad,
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,
Nor heaven his full resemblance bears;
His beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him face to face.

Watts.

HYMN LXXXIII.

How vast the treasure we possess!
How rich thy bounty, King of grace!
This world is our's, and worlds to come;
Earth is our lodge, and heaven our home.

All things are our's, the gifts of God;
The purchase of a Saviour's blood:
While the good Spirit shows us how
To use and to improve them too.

If peace and plenty crown my days,
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise;
If bread of sorrows be my food,
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

I would not change my blest estate
For all the world calls good or great:
And while my faith can keep her hold,
I envy not the sinner's gold.

Father, I wait thy daily will;
Thou shalt divide my portion still:
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,
Till death and heaven reveal the rest.

Watts.

HYMN LXXXIV.

Is this the kind return,
And these the thanks we owe?
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange rebellious wretches we,
And God as strangely kind!

On us he bids the sun
Shed his reviving rays;
For us the skies their circles run,
To lengthen out our days.

The brutes obey their God,
And bow their necks to men,
But we more base, more brutish things,
Reject his easy reign.

Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh;
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh.

Let past ingratitude
Provoke our weeping eyes,
And hourly, as new mercies fall,
Let hourly thanks arise.

Watts.

HYMN LXXXV.

LORD, what a wretched land is this,
That yields us no supply;
No cheering fruits, no wholesome trees,
No streams of living joy!

But pricking thorns through all the ground,
And mortal poisons grow,
And all the rivers that are found,
With dangerous waters flow.

Yet the sure path to thine abode
Lies through this dreary land;
Lord! we would keep the heavenly road,
And run at thy command.

Long nights and darkness dwell below,
With scarce a twinkling ray;
But the bright world to which we go
Is everlasting day.

By glimmering hopes and gloomy fears,
We trace the sacred road;
Through dismal deeps and dangerous snares,
We make our way to God.

Our journey is a thorny maze,
But we march upward still;
Forget these troubles of the way,
And reach at Zion's hill.

See the kind angels at the gates,
  Inviting us to come;
There, Jesus the forerunner waits,
  To welcome travellers home.

Eternal glories to the King
  That brought us safely through;
Our tongues shall never cease to sing,
  And endless praise renew.

Watts.

HYMN LXXXVI.

Laden with guilt, and full of fears,
  I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a glimpse of hope appears
  But in thy written word.

The volume of my Father's grace,
  Does all my griefs assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
  Almost in every page.

This is the field where hidden lies
The pearl of price unknown;
That merchant is divinely wise,
Who makes that pearl his own.

Here consecrated water flows
To quench my thirst of sin;
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
Nor danger dwells therein.

This is the judge that ends the strife,
Where wit and reason fail;
My guide to everlasting life,
Through all this gloomy vale.

O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command;
Nor I forsake the happy road
That leads to thy right hand.

Watts.

HYMN LXXXVII.

PLUNGED in a gulph of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

With pitying eyes the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and (Oh! amazing love!)
He ran to our relief.

Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled;
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

He spoiled the powers of darkness thus,
And brake our iron chains:
Jesus has freed our captive souls
From everlasting pains.

Oh! for this love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
Their Saviour's praises speak.

Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold!
But when you raise your highest notes,
His love can ne'er be told.

Watts.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There, everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers:
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But, timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Watts.

HYMN LXXXIX.

While I am banished from thy house,
I mourn in secret, Lord;
"When shall I come and pay my vows,
"And hear thy holy word?"

So, while I dwell in bonds of clay,
Methinks my soul shall groan,
"When shall I wing my heavenly way,
"And stand before thy throne?"

I love to see my Lord below,
His church displays his grace;
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

I love to worship at his feet,
Though sin attack me there:
But saints exalted near his seat,
Have no assaults to fear.

I 'm pleased to meet him in his court,
And taste his heavenly love;
But still I think his visits short,
Or I too soon remove.

He shines, and I am all delight,
He hides, and all is pain:
When will he fix me in his sight,
And ne'er depart again?

Watts.

HYMN XC.

What happy men, or angels, these,
That all their robes are spotless white?
Whence did this glorious troop arrive
At the pure realms of heavenly light?

From torturing rocks and burning fires,
And seas of their own blood they came;
But nobler blood has washed their robes,
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

Now they approach th' Almighty throne
With loud hosannas, night and day,
Sweet anthems to the great Three One,
Measure their blest eternity.

No more shall hunger pain their souls,
He bids their parching thirst be gone,
And spreads the shadow of his wings,
To screen them from the scorching sun.

Watts.

HYMN XCI.

When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Watts.

HYMN XCII.

Early, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away,
Without thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
Beneath a burning sky,
Long for a cooling stream at hand,
And they must drink or die.

I've seen thy glory and thy power
Through all thy temple shine;
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

Not all the blessings of a feast,
Can please my soul so well,
As when thy richer grace I taste,
And in thy presence dwell.

Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move;
Or raise so high my cheerful voice
As thy forgiving love.

Watts.

HYMN XCIII.

When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all!

Watts.

HYMN XCIV.

HEAR what the voice from heaven proclaims
For all the pious dead;
Sweet is the savour of their names,
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, and are blessed;
How calm their slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins released,
And freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,
They're present with the Lord;
The labours of their mortal life
End in a large reward.

Watts.

HYMN XCV.

Up to the fields where angels lie,
And living waters gently roll,
Fain would my ardent spirit fly,
But sin hangs heavy on my soul.

Thy wondrous blood, dear dying Christ!
Can make this load of guilt remove;
And thou canst bear me where thou fly'st,
On thy kind wings, celestial Dove!

Oh! might I once mount up and see
  Th' glories of th' eternal skies,
What little things these worlds would be!
  How despicable to my eyes!

Had I a glance of thee, my God,
  Kingdoms and men would vanish soon,
Vanish, as though I saw them not,
  As a dim candle dies at noon.

Then they might fight, and rage, and rave,
  I should perceive the noise no more
Than we can hear a shaking leaf,
  While rattling thunders round us roar.

Great All in All, eternal King,
  Let me but view thy lovely face,
And all my powers shall bow, and sing
  Thine endless grandeur and thy grace.

Watts.

HYMN XCVI.

Awake, my zeal, awake, my love,
To serve my Saviour here below,
In works which perfect saints above,
And holy angels cannot do.

Awake, my charity, to feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;
In heaven are found no sons of need,
There all these duties are no more.

Subdue thy passions, Oh my soul!
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy victories ever new.

The land of triumph lies on high,
There are no foes t'encounter there;
Lord, I would conquer till I die,
And finish all the glorious war.

Let every flying hour confess
I gain thy gospel fresh renown;
And when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promised crown!

Watts.

HYMN XCVII.

What vain desires, and passions vain,
Attend this mortal clay!
Oft have they pierced my soul with pain,
And drawn my heart astray.

How have I wandered from my God,
And, following sin and shame,
In this vile world of flesh and blood,
Defiled my nobler frame.

For ever blessed be the grace
That formed my soul anew,
And made it of an heaven-born race,
Thy glory to pursue.

My spirit holds perpetual war,
And wrestles and complains;
But views the happy moment near
That shall dissolve its chains.

Cheerful in death I close my eyes,
To part with every lust;
And charge my flesh whene'er it rise,
To leave them in the dust.

My purer spirit shall not fear
To put this body on:
Its tempting powers no more are there,
Its sinful passions gone.

Watts.

HYMN XCVIII.

ADAM, our father and our head,
Transgressed, and justice doomed us dead;
The fiery law speaks all despair,
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

Call a bright council in the skies;
" Seraphs! the mighty and the wise
" Say, what expedient can ye give,
" To punish sin while sinners live?

" Speak—are you strong to bear the load,
" The weighty vengeance of a God?
" Which of you loves our wretched race,
" Or dares to venture in our place?"

In vain we ask; for all around
Stand silent through the heavenly ground:
There's not a glorious mind above
Has half the strength, or half the love.

But oh! unutterable grace!
Th' eternal Son takes Adam's place;
Down to our world the Saviour flies,
Stretches his sacred arms, and dies!

Justice was pleased to bruise the God,
And pay its wrongs with heavenly blood;
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!
Then rose; the law could ask no more.

Amazing work! look down, ye skies,
Gaze on the scene with glad surprise;
Ye heavenly powers, stoop from above,
And bow to this mysterious love.

Now they are struck with deep amaze,
Each with his wings conceals his face;
Now clap their sounding plumes, and cry,
The wisdom of a Deity!

Lo! they adore th' incarnate Son,
And sing the glories he hath won;
Sing how he broke our iron chains,
How deep he sunk, how high he reigns.

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord!
By all the flaming hosts adored;
And say, blest Conqueror, say how long,
Ere we shall rise to join their song?

Send down a chariot from on high,
With fiery wheels, that cleave the sky;
Raise me beyond th' ethereal blue,
To sing and love as angels do.

Watts.

HYMN XCIX.

Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

The God who rules on high,
And thunders when he please,
Who rides upon the stormy sky,
And manages the seas:

This awful God is ours,
Our Father, and our love;
He shall send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.

Then we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.

The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Watts.

HYMN C.

With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His chosen name is Love.

Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood,
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

Then let our humble faith address,
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the decisive hour.

Watts.

HYMN CI.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise,
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long "Amen."

Watts.

HYMN CII.

LORD, we adore thy vast designs,
Th' obscure abyss of Providence;
Too deep to sound by mortal lines,
Too dark to view with feeble sense.

Now thou arrayest thine awful face,
In angry frowns without a smile;
We through the cloud believe thy grace;
Secure of thy compassion still.

Through seas and storms of deep distress,
We sail by faith, and not by sight;
Faith guides us in the wilderness,
Through all the briars, and the night.

Dear Father! if thy lifted rod,
Resolve to scourge us here below,
Still we must lean upon our God,
Thine arm shall bear us safely through.

Watts.

HYMN CIII.

He dies! the Friend of Sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around!
A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the ground!
Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
For Him, who groaned beneath your load;
He shed a thousand drops for you,
A thousand drops of richer blood!

Here's love and grief, beyond degree;
The Lord of Glory dies for men;
But, lo! what sudden joys we see,
Jesus, though dead, revives again.
The rising God forsakes the tomb!
Up to his Father's court he flies!
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him—welcome to the skies!

Cease then to weep, ye saints; and tell
How high our great Deliverer reigns!
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
And led the monster Death in chains!

Say, " Live for ever, wondrous King!
" Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask the monster, " Where's thy sting?
And where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

Watts.

HYMN CIV.

I SEND the joys of earth away,
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

Your streams were floating me along,
Down to the gulph of black despair,
And whilst I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

Lord! I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treach'rous seas,
And bid me seek superior bliss.

Now to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hand, and glance mine eyes;
Oh! for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.

There, from the bosom of my God,
Oceans of endless pleasure roll;
There would I fix my last abode,
And drown the sorrows of my soul.

Watts.

HYMN CV.

The Lord our God is Lord of all,
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall!
I hear him in the wind!

If in the gloom of night he shroud
His face, I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

He lives, he reigns in every land,
From Greenland's polar snows,
To where, across the burning sand,
The flashing meteor glows.

He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
We hang upon his word;
He rears his red right arm on high,
And bares his flaming sword.

He bids his blasts the fields deform,
Then, when his thunders cease,
Sits like an angel 'mid the storm,
And smiles the winds to peace!

H. K. White.

HYMN CVI.

Much in sorrow, oft' in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go,
Fight the fight, and worn with strife,
Steep with tears the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe:
Faint not! much doth yet remain,
Dreary is the long campaign.

Shrink not, Christians; will ye yield?
Will ye quit the painful field?
'Will ye flee in danger's hour,
'Know ye not your Captain's power?

'Let your drooping hearts be glad,
'March, in heavenly armour clad;
'Fight, nor think the battle long,
'Victory soon shall tune your song.

'Let not sorrow dim your eye,
'Soon shall every tear be dry;
'Let not woe your course impede,
'Great your strength, if great your need.

'Onward then to battle move,
'More than conquerors ye shall prove;
'Though opposed by many a foe,
'Christian soldiers, onward go.'

H. K. White.

Finished by F. S. F. Maitland.

HYMN CVII.

When marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone, the Saviour, speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark;
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind, that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror, then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all;
  It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm of danger's thrall,
  It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
  I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever more,
  The Star! the Star of Bethlehem!

H. K. White.

APPENDIX.

HYMN I.

ZECH. xiii. 6.

"And one shall say unto him, What are these wounds in thy hands? And he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends."

WHENCE these sorrows, Saviour say?
Why so darksome is thy way?
Wherefore does a crimson stain
On thy wounded hands remain?
Hands which came a world to aid,
Hands which once heaven's sceptre swayed?

"'Twas no foe this insult dared,
"Him, my vengeance had not spared

"Not the Roman soldiers cried
"'Let the Lord be crucified;'
"Judah's children, Abram's seed,
"Caused my hands and heart to bleed."

Lord! each word my bosom rends;
Wert thou wounded by thy friends?
Traitors were the chosen few,
Those who best thy glories knew;
Tenfold anguish! Oh, 'twere bliss,
Had an enemy done this!

Friends of Jesus! fear with me,
Lest yourselves the traitors be;
Let us venture near his seat,
Bathe with tears his sacred feet;
While our contrite spirits cry
Blessed Saviour, is it I?

~~Anonymous.~~
Esther Maitland.

HYMN II.

MARK viii. 24.

"I see men as trees walking."

SHROUDED once in blackest night,
Not a ray of heavenly light
Pierced the gloom, nor could I see
Aught of beauty, Lord! in thee.

Dreaming still, I fancied near
Every joy to nature dear;
Vainly thought to seize a crown,
Honour, pleasure, wealth, renown.

Now, my opening eyes behold
Paradise, its gates unfold;
Glad I trace the narrow way
Leading to that land of day.

But how weak my anxious gaze!
Dazzled by the radiant blaze;
Objects near I dimly view,
Falsely judge their form and hue.

Hasten, Lord! that blissful day
When, each shadow chased away,
Those who win the Christian race,
See their Saviour face to face!

~~Anonymous~~.
Esther Maitland.

HYMN III.

HYMN OF A HINDOO CONVERT;

Put into verse, after hearing the sentiments in prose from the mouth of the Rev. EUSTACE CAREY, of Calcutta.

BE steady, be steady, Oh, my soul,
For the sea is come, and the billows roll;
With the help of my God, and none beside,
I shall safely pass the roaring tide.

Jesu-Jehovah, be my stay
Over the dark and troublous way;
Embarked in him, I shall feel no fear,
Though the storm, the trial of strength be near.

Forget him not! Oh, my soul, remove
All thoughts that breathe not of Jesu's love;
His wondrous love, who freely gave
His innocent life, thy life to save.

Oh! let the dear remembrance be,
Laid up in thine inmost treasury;
There it shall brighten more and more,
The most precious pearl in that secret store.

C. S. B.
Charles Smith Bird.

HYMN IV.

"There is no other name."

I stood beside the dark death-bed,
My arm sustained the sufferer's head,
That sinking head, and glazing eye,
Proclaimed the King of Terrors nigh.

Yet, tyrant! in that final hour
Thou still shalt own a mightier power:
I named the name of Christ, and lo!
It checked thy hand, and staid the blow.

Oh! name, to every Christian dear,
But sweetest in the dying ear;
That name, when other sounds were vain,
Could raise that sinking head again.

That glazing eye, so dull, that e'en
Our streaming tears fell all unseen,
Caught at the word a parting ray,
Herald of Heav'ns approaching day.

A smile of speechless joy that told—
Relumed those features pale and cold;
Rallied the tongue, its powers once more
Re-echoed "Christ!" and all was o'er!

C. S. B.
Charles Smith Bird.

HYMN V.

MARK xi. 9, 10.

"And they that went before, and they that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna, blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

WHAT day is this of joy and pride?
Throw, Salem, all thy portals wide;
Receive thy Lord, give honour due,
The dust with costliest garments strew.

Thou kingly one! thy head is bare,
No diadem is glittering there;
But on thy brow, and in thine eye
Dwells more than mortal royalty.

A shade is on that brow's expanse,
A dim suffusion in that glance:
Whilst round thee rise hosannas glad,
Say, mighty Leader, art thou sad?

Ah, see! his eye is turning still,
To rest on Calvary's lonely hill;
And when, o'er Judah's sons it strays,
A moment's shudder marks the gaze!

Few, few the suns shall rise and set,
Ere Calvary with his blood be wet;
His prescience scans that countless train,
Their hands are red, they bear the stain.

Lord! what is man, that thou canst view
This orb unscathed, its path pursue?
Couldst thou, for faithless race like this,
Desert the starry realms of bliss?

Oh! depth of wisdom! here, e'en here,
Love found its noblest theatre;
Thy hour of triumph, pity, name,
'Tis that which saw our deepest shame.

Lord! meekly, silently we bow,
Our trembling hearts allegiance vow;
Oh! let our lives, transformed by thee,
Thy true hosannas, Saviour, be!

C. S. B.

Charles Smith Bird.

HYMN VI.

MARK iii. 5.

"Jesus saith unto the men, Stretch forth thy hand. And he stretched it out; and his hand was restored whole as the other."

As in deep shades, the parent dove
Broods o'er her young in silent love,
Sweet nourishment and strength supplies,
Then calls them forth to tempt the skies;

So, Lord, thy Spirit in the heart,
Silent and still performs its part:
Then, at thy word, "Arise! be free!"
We bound to life and liberty.

That word is sounding still to all,
But strangers will not heed the call;
Faith's quickened ear, and her's alone,
Discerns the Saviour's welcome tone.

What is it, Lord, thou bidst us do?
"Stretch forth the withered hand anew?"
Is this indeed thy will, thy voice?
'Tis done! we tremble, but rejoice.

Spirit, that deign'st in us to dwell,
Complete the mighty miracle;
Ne'er let the hand by thee restored,
Be madly raised against its Lord.

C. S. B.
Charles Smith Bird.

HYMN VII.

ON

THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

CEASE here longer to detain me,
Fondest mother, drowned in woe:
Now thy kind caresses pain me,
Day is breaking, let me go!

See yon orient streak appearing!
Harbinger of endless day;
Hark! a voice, the darkness cheering,
Calls my new-born soul away!

Lately launched, a trembling stranger,
On the world's wild boist'rous flood;
Pierced with sorrows, tossed with danger,
Gladly I return to God.

Now my cries shall cease to grieve thee,
Now my trembling heart find rest;
Kinder arms than thine receive me;
Softer pillow than thy breast.

Weep not o'er these eyes that languish,
Upward turning toward their home;
Raptur'd they'll forget all anguish,
While they wait to see thee come!

There, my mother, pleasures centre;
Weeping, parting, care or woe,
Ne'er our Father's house shall enter;
Day is breaking, let me go!

As through this calm, this holy dawning
Silent glides my parting breath,
To an everlasting morning,
Gently close my eyes in death.

Blessings, endless, richest blessings,
Pour their streams upon thy heart!
(Though, no language yet possessing,)
Breathes my spirit ere we part.

Yet, to leave thee sorrowing, rends me,
Though again his voice I hear:
Rise! may every grace attend thee,
Rise! and seek to meet me there.

Cecil.

HYMN VIII.

Original Lines by COWPER, to MRS. UNWIN, on her becoming blind.

MARY! oft my mind recalls thee,
Resting on the arm divine;
Happy, whatsoe'er befalls thee,
Faith, the Christian's anchor thine!

Though in outward darkness journeying,
Glorious light for thee is sown;
Israel's pillar brightly burning,
Guides thee on to mercy's throne.

Worldly pomps no more attracting,
Half the Christian's conflicts cease;
Worldly lights no more distracting,
Thou canst "trim thy lamp" in peace.

Though the world may little heed thee,
Thou hast joys it knows not of;
For the Lord thy God doth lead thee
To the source of peace and love.

Mary! think what lies before thee,
Think what first thine eyes shall see;
Christ, the Lord of life and glory,
Crying, "Ephatha" to thee!

Think how blessed thy condition,
Think what dawn shall chase thy night;
Faith shall end in brightest vision,
Christ himself shall be thy Light!

HYMN IX.

"Lo! we have left all and followed thee!"

Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Helpless, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence, my all shall be.

Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them, untrue:
I have called thee Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heav'n will bring me sweeter rest.
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Know, my soul, thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine,
Think that Jesus died to save thee:
Child of heav'n canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

H. F. Lyte
Henry Francis Lyte

HYMN X.

2 Cor. iv. 18.

"While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen, are temporal; but the things which are not seen, are eternal."

Farewell for ever! earthly joys,
Vain is each deceitful smile;
Vain are all your glittering toys,
Vain your efforts to beguile:
Swift ye vanish from my sight,
Like the meteor of the night.

Earthly sorrows! ye no more
Shall my fainting heart distress;
All your tyranny is o'er,
Vain your efforts to oppress:
Before my eyes ye glide away,
Like shadows at the break of day.

Sickness and disease! in vain
Ye my weary frame assail;
Weak your power, light your pain;
Vain your efforts to prevail:
Swiftly from my eyes ye pass
Like the dew upon the grass.

Life vainly spreads each varied charm;
No longer now those charms I see;
Death vainly rears his threatening arm,
That arm is impotent for me:
Life will perish like a flower,
Death will lose his fatal power.

Glories bright and ever new,
Yet unseen by mortal eyes,
Burst in vision on my view
From the region of the skies:
Earth and heaven pass away,
These shall never know decay.

Joys secure from pain or woe,
Knowledge that shall never cease,
Love that shall for ever glow,
Holiness, and perfect peace;

Be these, O Lord, my soul's delight,
Till faith be swallowed up in sight.

G. Hulme.

HYMN XI.

FUNERAL HYMN.

THE bell it has tolled, and the coffin of lead
From our eyes has enshrouded the corse of the dead;
And arrayed in dark vestments we stand round the bier
Of the friend who once charmed and instructed us here.

But why should we mourn for the spirit that's flown?
It has changed a dark prison of clay for a throne:

Its fetters are broken, 'twill sorrow no more,
But be present with Him, whom unseen we adore.

Those doubts they are gone that once harassed him here,
And his soul is no longer in bondage to fear;
For his hope is now lost in fruition of joy,
And his love is made perfect without an alloy.

His eye may be dim, and the valley, the stream,
The hamlet he lov'd, may have passed like a dream;
But scenes more delightful his wonder excite,
For his objects of faith are now objects of sight.

His ear may be dull, and the full-pealing note
Of the organ in vain o'er his body may float;
But more welcome the voice that invites him to rest,
With the saints that inhabit the realms of the blest.

His tongue may be mute, and no longer may raise
In our hallowed assembly the meek hymn of praise;
But he joins in a song more enrapturing above,
Such as seraphim chaunt to the God of their love.

Though then we may weep as the grave closes o'er
The mortal remains of the friend we deplore;
Let the dark cloud of sorrow be chased from our brow,
As we think of the glories encircling him now.

And oh, blessed Lord! may we ever incline
To tread in his footsteps as he followed thine;
And when through this valley of tears we have past,
To the arms of thy mercy receive us at last.

G. Holme.

HYMN XII.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

"Jesus only."

JESU-JEHOVAH! put not on
Thy robe of light!
What eye unblenched may gaze upon
The 'whelming sight?
When in a flood of crystal streams,
The brightness of the Godhead gleams,
The waning sun, shorn of his beams
Sinks into night.

Jesu-Jehovah! thou dost shine
Too piercing bright!
The lightnings of thy face divine
Wither our sight!

While still his senses mortal be,
Man's sinful nature may not see
The glories of thy deity
Without affright.

Jesu-Jehovah! who didst shade
In human guise,
The sapphire splendours that pervade
Th' Elysian skies;
And, like a star serenely bright,
Sweet day-spring, mid the shades of night,
With healing on thy wings of light,
Didst softly rise;

Jesu-Jehovah! still resign
Thy brightest rays;
And still in earthly mould enshrine
Thy glory's blaze:
Let her mild influence mercy shed
In calm effulgence o'er thee spread,
While all around thine uncrowned head
Soft radiance plays.

Oh, Jesu! for our brother, friend,
Still let us own thee!
Let manhood with thy Godhead blend,
And still dethrone thee!
Until thou set'st our spirits free
In mighty immortality,
Oh! be to our infirmity
Still "Jesus only!"

J. O. Parr.

HYMN XIII.

On seeing a Rainbow on a dark cloud, at the time of thunder.

Seest thou the cloud which darkly lowers,
Whose deepening gloom the storm foretels?
Hear'st thou the peal of wrath which swells,
Announcing its destructive powers?

Feel'st thou the quick-descending rain,
  Precursor of the tempest's ire?
  Fear'st thou the deadly flash of fire,
Which makes both flight and conflict vain?

Look yet again; the cloud you dread
  By heaven's blest arch of light is spanned;
  O'er the tempest's frown its hues expand,
'Mid thickest darkness brightest spread.

Oh, might I see on every cloud,
  The token of my Father's love;
  My soul with fears should never move,
Though dark the shades, the thunder loud.

Though now unseen, my sun shall shine,
  And glory kindle midst the gloom;
  And his light and love to my heart become
In deepest sadness most divine.

J. H. Hinton.

HYMN XIV.

On being called in derision, "A Saint."

"A SAINT!" Oh! would that I could claim
The privileged, the honoured name,
And confidently take my stand,
Though lowest in the saintly band!

Would, though it were in scorn applied,
That term the test of truth could bide!
Like kingly salutations given
In mockery to the King of Heaven.

A saint! and what imports the name,
Thus bandied in derision's game?
"Holy, and separate from sin;
"To good, nay, even to God akin."

Is such the meaning of a name,
From which a Christian shrinks with shame?

Yes, dazzled with the glorious sight,
He owns his crown is all too bright.

And ill might son of Adam dare
Alone such honour's weight to bear;
But fearlessly he takes the load,
United to the Son of God.

A saint! Oh! give me but some sign,
Some seal to prove the title mine;
And warmer thanks thou shalt command,
Than bringing kingdoms in thine hand.

Oh! for an interest in that name,
When hell shall ope its jaws of flame;
And scorners to their doom be hurled,
While scorned saints "shall judge the world."

How shall the name of saints be prized,
Though now neglected and despised,
When truth shall witness to the word,
That none but "saints shall see the Lord."

Marriott.

HYMN XV.

The Christian anticipating the near approach of Death.

THE hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home;
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.
The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

Not in mine innocence I trust,
I bow before thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.
I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
The hour of my departure's come,
I hear the voice that calls me home:
Now, Oh my God! let trouble cease;
Now let thy servant die in peace.

Anonymous.

HYMN XVI.

No, never shall my heart despond,
  Long as my lips can pray,
My latest breath with effort fond,
  Shall pass in prayer away.

There is a heavenly mercy-seat
  To calm the sinner's fears;
There is a Saviour, at whose feet
  The mourner dries his tears.

When friends depart, and hopes are riven,
  And gathering storms I see,
My soul is but the sooner driven,
  Eternal Rock! to thee!

Oh for a voice of sweeter sound!
  For every wind to bear—
To teach the listening world around
  The blessedness of prayer!

C. S. Bird.

HYMN XVII.

Chased from it's own loved haunts away,
How shall the hart its thirst allay?
Sadly to coverts strange it hies,
Dreams of its native brooks, and dies!

And shall not I, from Judah torn,
With heaving breast, my exile mourn?
Where is fair Sion's holy hill?
And, Kedron, where thy blessed rill?

Where are the friends, my griefs to share,
And sweetly strengthen me in prayer;
The social hymn, that bears elate
The spirit up to heaven's high gate?

All outward joys are gone—and Thou,
Thou only, Lord! art with me now.
But oh! if Thou my comfort be,
Have I not more than all in Thee?

C. S. Bird.

HYMN XVIII.

Ah little think the proud, the gay,
The godless in their mirth,
How poor, how desolate are they,
How fatherless on earth!

The kind, the chastening hand, is gone,
The voice, so often scorned,
Now to their doom they wander on,
And tread the verge unwarned!

Soft springs the grass beneath their feet,
And gently slopes the way,
No friendly rugged rocks they meet,
No wounding thorns delay.

Why is thy fretful heart perplex'd,
Thou sorrowing child of God?
See where a step will plunge them next—
Then own and kiss the rod!

C. S. Bird.

HYMN XIX.

"Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire in comparison of thee?"

Lord of earth! thy forming hand
Well this wondrous frame hath plann'd,
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling in his power;—
All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought,—
Friendship—gem transcending price!
Love—a flower from Paradise!
Yet amid these scenes so fair,
Should I cease thy smile to share
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I on earth but thee?

Lord of heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light—
There in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands have clasped again

Martyrs there, and prophets high
Blaze a glorious company!
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings!—
Oh that scene is passing fair,
Yet should'st thou be absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but thee?

Lord of heaven and earth! this breast
Seeks in thee its only rest
I was lost—thy accents mild
Homeward lured thy wand'ring child
I was blind—thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away—
Source of every joy I know,
Solace of my every woe,
Oh could once thy smile divine
Cease upon this soul to shine,
What were heaven or earth to me?
Whom have I in each but thee?

HYMN XX.

So firm the saint's foundations stand,
Nor can his hopes remove;
Sustained by God's almighty hand,
And sheltered in his love.

Fig-trees and olive-plants may fail,
And vines their fruit deny,
Famine thro' all his fields prevail,
And flocks and herds may die.

God is the treasure of his soul,
A source of sacred joy;
Which no affliction can control,
Nor death itself destroy.

Lord, may we feel thy cheering beams,
And taste thy saints' repose,
We will not mourn the perish'd streams,
While such a fountain flows.

Doddridge.

HYMN XXI.

How bright these glorious spirits shine!
Whence all their bright array?
How came they to the blissful seats
Of everlasting day?

Lo! these are they from sufferings great
Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
Those robes which shine so bright.

Now with triumphal palms they stand
Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy.
Tunes every voice to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
With glad Hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb who dwells amidst the throne
Shall o'er them still preside,
Feed them with nourishment divine,
And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green He'll lead his flock,
Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from every eye
Shall wipe off every tear.

Dr Watts & W Carnegan.

HYMN XXII.

I THIRST but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Emmanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there.

It was the sight of thy dear cross
First weaned my soul from earthly things;
And taught me to esteem as dross
The mirth of fools, and pomp of kings.

I want that grace that springs from thee,
That quickens all things where it flows.
And makes a wretched thorn like me,
Bloom as the myrtle or the rose.

Dear fountain of delight unknown!
No longer sink below the brim;
But overflow, and pour me down
A living and life-giving stream!

For sure, of all the plants that share
The notice of thy Father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

HYMN XXIII.

O THOU that hear'st the prayer of faith,
Wilt thou not save a soul from death,
That casts itself on thee?
I have no refuge of my own,
But fly to what my Lord hath done,
And suffer'd once for me?

Deliver'd in the sinner's stead,
Thy spotless righteousness I plead,
And thine availing blood;
That righteousness my robe shall be,
Thy merit shall atone for me,
And bring me near to God.

Then snatch me from eternal death,
The Spirit of adoption breathe,
His consolations send;
By him some word of life impart,
And softly whisper to my heart,
"Thy Maker is thy friend."

The king of terrors then would be,
A welcome messenger to me
To call my soul away:
Uncloy'd by earth, or earthly things,
I'd mount upon his sable wings
To everlasting day.

Toplady.

HYMN XXIV.

He bids me come—his voice I know,
And boldly on the water go,
To him my God, and Lord,
I walk in life's tempestuous sea;
For he who lov'd and died for me,
Hath spoke the powerful word.

Secure on liquid waves I tread,
Nor all the storms of passion heed,
While to my Lord I look;
O'er ev'ry fierce temptation bound,
The billows yield a solid ground,
The wave is firm as rock.

But if from him I turn mine eye,
And see the raging flood run high,
And feel my fears within,
My foes so strong, my flesh so frail,
Reason and unbelief prevail,
And sink me into sin!

Lord, I my unbelief confess,
My little spark of faith increase,
And I shall doubt no more;
But fix on thee my steady eye,
And on thine outstretch'd arm rely,
Till all the storm is o'er.

C. Wesley.

HYMN XXV.

O Lord, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail inconstant heart;
Henceforth my chief desire shall be,
To dedicate myself to thee!
To thee, my God, to thee!

Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
One thought shall fill my soul with joy;
That silent, secret thought shall be,
That all my hopes are fix'd on thee—
On thee, my God, on thee!

Thy glorious eye pervadeth space,
Thou'rt present, Lord, in every place,
And, wheresoe'er my lot may be,
Still shall my spirit cleave to thee—
To thee, my God, to thee!

Renouncing every worldly thing,
Safe 'neath the covert of thy wing,
My sweetest thought henceforth shall be,
That all I want I find in thee—
In thee, my God, in thee!

Oberlin.

HYMN XXVI.

GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created;
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before,
Prepare my soul to meet him.

The dead in Christ are first to rise,
And greet th' archangel's warning;
To meet the Saviour in the skies,
On this auspicious morning;
No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day,
On those prepar'd to meet him.

Far over space, to distant spheres,
The lightnings are prevailing;
Th' ungodly rise, and all their tears
And sighs are unavailing:

The day of grace is past and gone,
They shake before the judgement throne,
All unprepared to meet him.

Stay, fancy, stay, and close thy wings,
Repress thy flight too daring;
One wondrous sight my comfort brings,
The Judge my nature wearing:
Beneath his cross I view the day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him!
Luther. Finished by Dr. Collier.

HYMN XXVII.

The sovereign Father good and kind,
Wants but to have his child resigned;
Wants but thy yielded heart, no more,
With his rich gifts of grace to store.

He to thy soul no anguish brings,
From thine own stubborn will it springs;
That foe but crucify, thy bane,
Nought shall thou know of frowns or pain.

Shake from thy soul, o'erwhelmed, depressed,
Th' encumbering load that galls her rest,
That wastes her strength in bondage vain,
With courage break th' enslaving chain.

Let faith exert its conquering power,
Say, in thy fearing, trembling hour,
" Father ! thy pitying help impart"—
'Tis done, a sigh can reach his heart.

Yet if more earnest plaints to raise,
Awhile his succours he delays ;
Though his kind hand thou canst not feel,
The smart let lenient patience heal.

Or if corruption's strength prevail,
And oft thy pilgrim footsteps fail ;
Lift for his grace thy louder cries,
So shall thou cleans'd and stronger rise.

If haply still thy mental shade
Deep as the midnight gloom be made ;
On the sure faithful arm divine,
Firm let thy fastening trust recline.

Luther.

HYMN XXVIII.

My gracious Lord I own thy right
To ev'ry service I can pay;
And call it my supreme delight
Te hear thy dictates and obey.

What is my being, but for Thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a friend.

I would not breathe for worldly joy
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ
To spread a sounding name abroad.

'Tis to my Saviour I would live
To him, who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigour is no more
And my last hour of life confess
His love hath animating power!

Doddridge.

HYMN XXIX.

Jehovah is our righteousness. JER. xxiii. 6.

MY God, how perfect in thy ways!
But mine polluted are;
Sin twines itself about my praise,
And slides into my prayer.

When I would speak what thou hast done
To save me from my sin,
I cannot make thy mercies known,
But self-applause creeps in.

Divine desire, that holy flame
Thy grace creates in me;
Alas! impatience is its name,
When it returns to thee.

This heart a fountain of vile thoughts,
How does it overflow?
While self upon the surface floats,
Still bubbling from below.

Let others in the gaudy dress
Of fancied merit shine,
The Lord shall be my righteousness,
The Lord for ever mine,

Cowper.

HYMN XXX.

Adapted to Psalm xli.

THE FEAR OF DECLENSION.

Oh! can it be, that I should prove
A traitor to the Lord I love?
I who have gazed on light divine,
Could I to this dark world decline?

I of th' eternal Spirit born,
Could I my heavenly birthright scorn?
I at the holy table fed,
Could I forsake the living bread?

Has man the heart, so false so vile,
Thus to repay his Saviour's smile,
Pierce his already bleeding side,
And wound the hand outstretched to guide?

Lord! from such sin, if such can be,
Send what Thou wilt, to keep me free!
I fear no shame, I count no loss,
That may but nail me to Thy cross!

HYMN XXXI.

O WORSHIP the King
All-glorious above,
O gratefully sing
His power and his love;
Our shield and defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilion'd in splendor,
And girded with praise.

O tell of his might,
O sing of his grace,

Whose robe is the light,
  Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
  The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path,
  On the wings of the storm.

This earth, with its store
  Of wonders untold,
Almighty! thy power
  Hath founded of old;
Hath 'stablish'd it fast,
  By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
  Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care
  What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
  It shines in the light,
In streams from the hills,
  It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills
  In the dew and the rain,

Frail children of dust,
And sinful as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail:
Thy mercies how tender,
How firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless might!
Ineffable love!
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
The humbler creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall echo thy praise!

Sir Robert Grant

HYMN XXXII.

Come, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our king
In heaven and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in him
One church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood
And part are crossing now.

Even now to their eternal home
Some happy spirits fly;
And we are to the margin come
And soon expect to die!

Oh Jesus, be our constant guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide
And land us safe in heaven.

~~Anon.~~
Charles Wesley

HYMN XXXIII.

THE CHRISTIAN ISRAEL.

THUS far on life's perplexing path,
Thus far Thou, Lord, our steps hast led;
Snatch'd from the world's pursuing wrath,
Unharm'd though floods hung o'er our head;
Like ransom'd Israel on the shore,
Here then we pause, look back, adore.

Strangers and pilgrims here below,
Like all our fathers in their day,
We to the land of promise go,
Lord, by thine own appointed way:
Still guide, illumine, cheer our flight,
In cloud by day, in fire by night.

Safety thy presence is, and rest;
While—as the eagle, o'er her brood
Flutters her pinions, stirs the nest,
Covers, defends, provides them food,
Bears on her wings, instructs to fly,
Thy love prepares us for the sky.

Protect us through the wilderness,
From fiery serpent, plague and foe;
With bread from heaven thy people bless,
And living streams where'er we go;
Nor let our rebel-hearts repine,
Or follow any voice but thine.

Thy holy law to us proclaim,
But not from Sinai's top alone;
Hid in the rock-cleft be thy name,
Thy power, and all thy goodness shown;
And may we never bow the knee,
Or worship any God but Thee.

When we have number'd all our years,
And stand, at length, on Jordan's brink,
Though the flesh fail with mortal fears,
O let not then the spirit sink;
But strong in faith, and hope, and love,
Plunge through the stream, to rise above!

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